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BEWARE MY POWER!
THE GREEN LANTERN
MORRISON
SHARP
OLIFF
TALKING TOUGH WITH THE SPIDER-PIRATE OF VEGA!
DARKNESS VISIBLE

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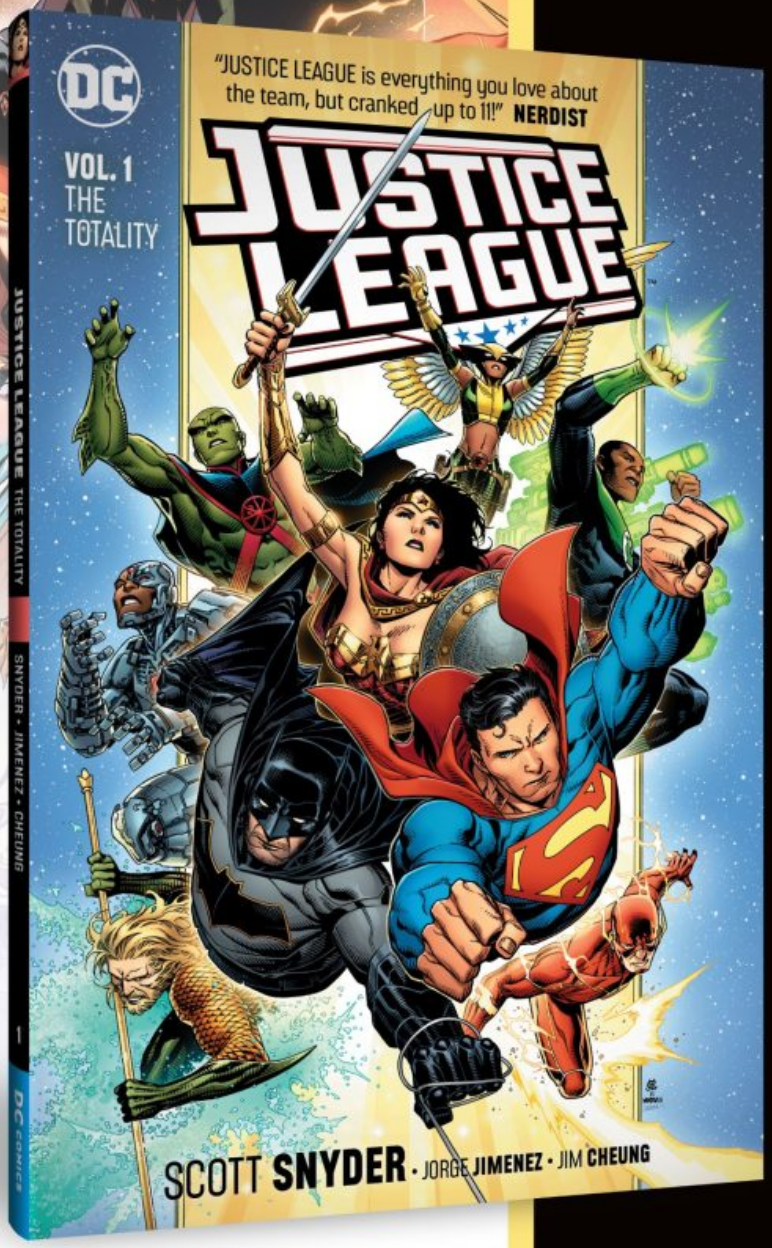

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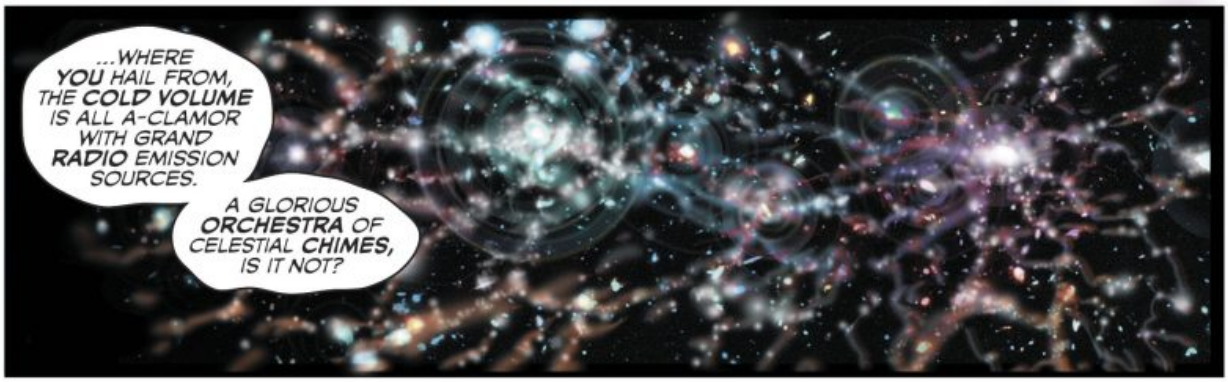
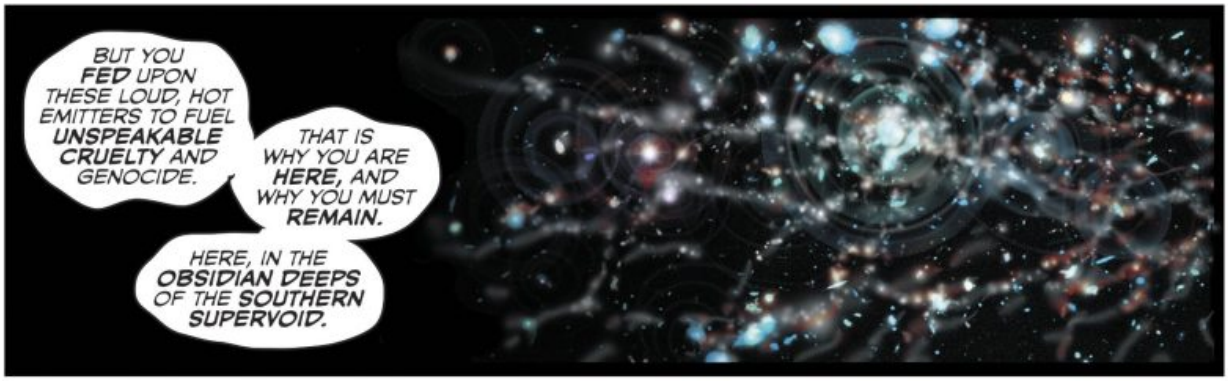
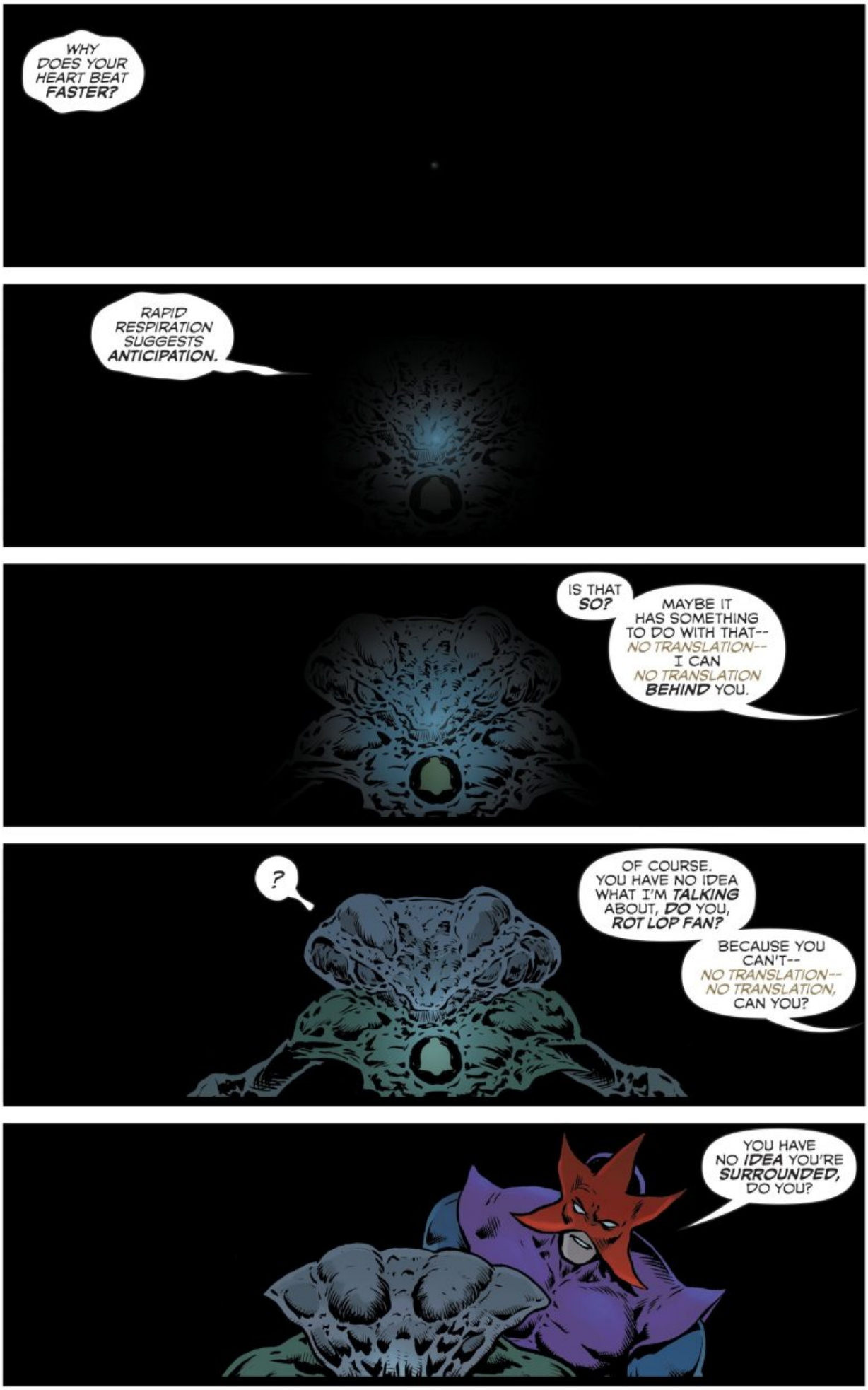

...WHERE YOU HAIL FROM, THE COLD VOLUME IS ALL A-CLAMOR WITH GRAND RADIO EMISSION SOURCES.
A GLORIOUS ORCHESTRA OF CELESTIAL CHIMES, IS IT NOT?


BUT YOU FED UPON THESE LOUD, HOT EMITTERS TO FUEL UNSPEAKABLE CRUELTY AND GENOCIDE.
THAT IS WHY YOU ARE HERE, AND WHY YOU MUST REMAIN.
HERE, IN THE OBSIDIAN DEEPS OF THE SOUTHERN SUPERVOID.

HERE, WHERE THE MUSIC OF THE GREAT BELL-STARS IS A DISTANT HUSH.
A FAINT VIBRATION.
NO MORE THAN A RINGING ECHO.

HERE IN THE SILENCE OF THE VOID, YOU ARE FAR FROM THE ORIGIN OF YOUR TERRIBLE POWER.
FAR FROM THE ROARING BELL-STAR ACRUX YOU CALLED HOME.
YOU HEAR THE SAME FROM ME EVERY DAY...

SO WHY TODAY?
WHY DO YOU SOUND SO... EXCITED?


WHY DOES YOUR HEART BEAT FASTER?
RAPID RESPIRATION SUGGESTS ANTICIPATION.
IS THAT SO?
MAYBE IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT-- NO TRANSLATION-- I CAN NO TRANSLATION BEHIND YOU.
?
OF COURSE. YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT, DO YOU, ROT LOP FAN?
BECAUSE YOU CAN'T-- NO TRANSLATION-- NO TRANSLATION, CAN YOU?
YOU HAVE NO IDEA YOU'RE SURROUNDED, DO YOU?

WHAT?
WHO'S THERE?
NO TRANSLATION-- OUT--
HIS POWER BELL!
NO TRANSLATION-- OUT FOR--
GNNNUH!
LOSING MY SHAPE!
I'M--NO TRANSLATION-- OUT I--
DARKNESS VISIBLE
GRANT MORRISON, WRITER
LIAM SHARP, ARTIST
STEVE OLIFF, COLORIST
TOM ORZECHOWSKI, LETTERER
LIAM SHARP & STEVE OLIFF, COVER
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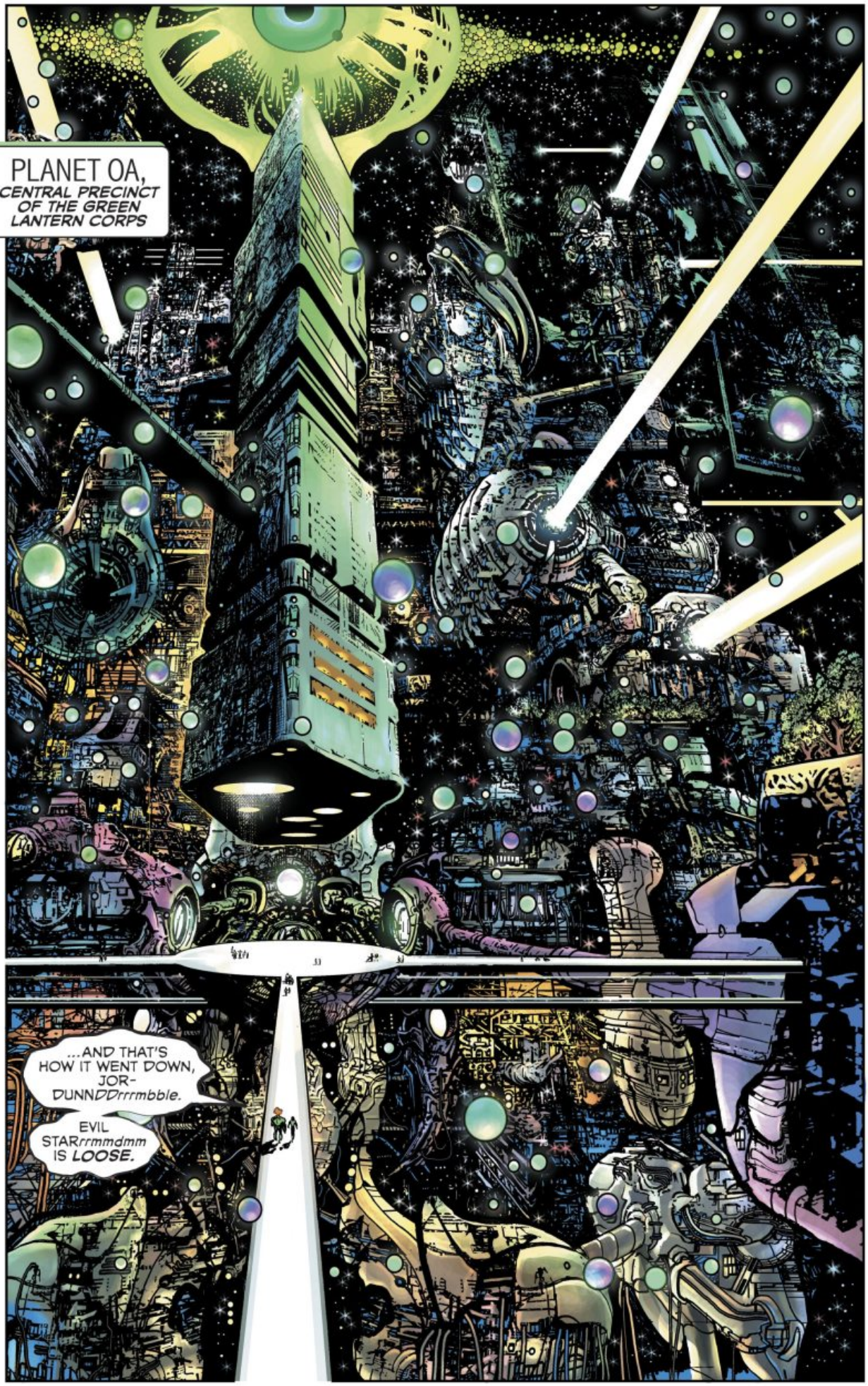
BRIAN CUNNINGHAM, EDITOR
EZH
AAH
UURGHHHH
SHG
LVVK
YVP
ELX
ZZB
WLU

ENOUGH!
GKKTNN!
GAHH!
THIS BLAZING LIGHT AFTER UTTER DARKNESS!
WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT IS THIS?
WHAT DOESSS IT LOOK LIKE?
CLOSSSE YOUR EYESSS.
YOU'LL SSSEE.
UGG-LLUR-RGG-AH
GET ME OUT OF THIS STRUCTURE!
I'LL TEAR YOUR ARMS OFF!
YOU'LL STAY!
WHERE I PUT YOU!
NOT SO FAST, "SPACE POLICE"!
DNNG!

THEN THEY WERE GONE...

...BY THE PRIME CHIME, I FAILED THE COMMUNITY!
I FAILED IN MY DUTY AS THE F-SHARP BELL, TOOLFACE!
FOR THE FIRST TIME!
WELL, NO, ACTUALLY--THERE WAS THAT ONE TIME WITH BANGBANG AND THE REVERBEREEBEES.
THAT PROBABLY COUNTS AS FAILURE, WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT HOW IT TURNED OUT...
THE PRISONER.
"EVIL STAR."
FOR OBVIOUS REASONS, THEY KEPT HIM HERE IN THE DEEPS WHERE THERE ARE NO STARS BUT...
...EVIL STARrrrmmblll?
EASY TO FIND--NAME LIKE THAT.
NOT SO EASY TO HOLD ONTO, HURRMMbbll?
DON'T MAKE IT WORSE.
LISTEN, I'M MY OWN FIERCEST CRITIC.
I CAN'T BELIEVE I ALLOWED THIS TO HAPPEN.
XAX TO OA--
--EVIL STAR IS GONE.
XAX TO OA REPEAT: EVIL STAR AT LARGE!


PLANET OA,
CENTRAL PRECINCT OF THE GREEN LANTERN CORPS
...AND THAT'S HOW IT WENT DOWN, JOR-DUNNDDrrrmbble.
EVIL STARrrmmdmm IS LOOSE.

YOU HANDLED HIM BEFORE, hrrrmbbl SO THEY SHIFTED ME TO THE LOST puk-ta-puk--
--LOST Puk-PLANETS CASE.
EVIL STAR?
LAST I HEARD THAT GUY WAS UNDER GUARD IN THE OBSIDIAN DEEPS...
...AND I GUESS I MUST HAVE MISSED THE WHOLE LOST PLANETS THING...
RmmmrREPORTS OF ENTIRE WORrrrLDS JUST DISAPPEARING OVERrmmmNIGHT.
MISSING FROM ORrrrBIT--WHOLE POPULATIONS.
WE'RE COMPLETELY IN THE DARKrrrrMMMbbl.
HOPE YOU HAVE BETTERrmm LUCK WITH YOUR INTERROGATION, JOR-DUNN-drrrmm.
I MIGHT NEED IT, VOLK.
I EVER TELL YOU HOW MUCH I HATE GIANT SPIDERS?
IT'S A THING.

LANTERN TRU.
THEY TOLD ME YOU WERE PUNCTUAL.
IT'S A TRICK I MASTERED BY ALWAYS ARRIVING AHEAD OF TIME AND GRABBING THE BEST PERCH.
WE GOT A LIVE SPECIMEN HERE, JORDAN.
WHOA.
THOSE EYES!
I FEEL LIKE PREY.
EAT YOU?
I COULDN'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO GET THAT HUNGRY, PIG.
WHICH REMINDS ME, I HAVEN'T HAD FOOD OR DRINK FOR SIX AND THREE-QUARTER GYRES!
YOU GUYS FIND HUMANS REVOLTING-- I DO TOO ON OCCASION.
IT'S THE SMELL, RIGHT?
AND THAT SICKENING AMPUTATED LIMB EFFECT WHEN WE WALK, AND THESE TWO HORRIBLE LITTLE JELLY EYES EMBEDDED IN BONE SOCKETS.
IT'S A GUT THING.
AN INSTINCTUAL REVULSION.
I HATE SPIDERS LIKE YOU HATE PEOPLE.
IRRRMMNN

AH-GTTCCH! THIS ROUTINE'S SO OLD!
YOU'RE THE CLOKE-HOLE, AND THE LITTLE WINGLESS SKID MARK WITH THE BEAK IS ON MY SIDE.
MAYBE I SHOULD RATE YOUR KACK-ACTING, NOT YOUR POLICE SKILLS EHHHH-KT-KT-KT???

I DEMAND TO SPEAK TO THE SECTOR GUILD ARBITRATOR!
AFTER ALL THESE YEARS AND EVERYTHING I'VE SEEN AND DONE.
I WISH THIS WAS AN ACT.
BUT I'VE BEEN A BASTARD MY WHOLE LIFE.

YOU? REBELLIOUS, PRIVILEGED DAUGHTER OF GUILD-MOTHER MOHA KLIPSA, WE LOOKED YOU UP.
GOT YOURSELF A BUNCH OF BODY MODS AND RAN AWAY WITH KRAAK AND HIS PIRATES TO SPITE YOUR MOMSTRESS.
JUST ANOTHER POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL.

WHO HAPPENS TO BE A SUSPECT IN THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF A GREEN LANTERN OFFICER.
TAWWK!
I DON'T KNOW NOTHING!

I HATE YOU ALL!
I'M STARVING!
YOU'RE TAUNTING ME!

SURE, LANTERNS HAVE NO JURISDICTION OVER THE VEGA-VOLUME, BUT YOU'RE WANTED ON VENTURA, THE CASINO PLANET IN PROTECTED SECTOR 2813!
WE SEND YOU BACK THERE, YOU'LL BE AT THE MERCY OF THE LUCK LORDS.
AND YOU KNOW THAT MEANS NO MERCY AT ALL.

TRIAL, THEN LIFE IMPRISONMENT.
YOU AMONG LITERAL HORDES OF REEKING, NAUSEA-INDUCING HUMANIDS, IN THE GLITTER-PITS OF VENTURA.
...urlll... ikkt...

OR YOU CAN BE REASONABLE AND TALK TO ME, REASONABLY.
IN RETURN, WE CAN GUARANTEE SAFE PASSAGE BACK TO MOMSTER AND THE GUILD, RETHINK YOUR LIFE.
YOU THOUGHT I WAS "BAD COP," RIGHT?

SERIOUSLY, IF HE WASN'T HERE, I'D HAVE EATEN A FEW OF YOUR LEGS BY NOW.
AVIANS LOVE TO MUNCH ON BUGS.
BIRDY NUM-NUM!

YOU BASTARD LANTERNS!
YOU'LL GET NOTHING OUT OF ME!

BLACKSTAR FLAGSHIP-- "OVERMASTER ZERO"
...AH, NOW THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!
RAW STARLIGHT!
THE PURE SOURCE!
FIVE WHOLE YEARS IN THE IMPENETRABLE DARKNESS OF THE SOUTHERN SUPERVOID.
YOU HAVE NO IDEA!
THE LONELINESS.
NO ONE DESERVES THAT!
RIGHT?
WHAT GAVE THEM PERMISSION TO JUDGE ME?
WELL, TO START WITH, YOU NAMED YOURSELF "EVIL STAR."
THAT'Sssss ALMOST INVITING TROUBLE WITH THE LAW.
"EVIL STAR" WAS MY SATIRICAL TAKE ON "GREEN LANTERN"!
THEY'RE "GREEN"--SO I'M "EVIL"!
AND "STAR" IS BRIGHTER THAN "LANTERN," RIGHT? IT'S BADASS.
PUT IT THAT WAY...
AT LEAST SOME THOUGHT WENT INTO IT...
"EVIL SSSSTAR," THOUGH...
AND "BLACKSTAR" IS ANY BETTER, YOU TELL ME HOW, MY REPTILIAN FRIEND.
THE LANTERNS HAVE THEIR POWER RINGS, I WIELD MY THOUGHT-POWERED STAR-BAND.
I DESTROYED A WHOLE PLANET WITH THIS.

IF YOU FAIL TO SEE HOW THAT QUALIFIES AS EVIL, YOU NEED TO RECALIBRATE YOUR MORALITY METER.
ANYWAY... MY STAR BAND IS ALMOST FULLY RECHARGED!
TIME TO ENACT ULTIMATE REVENGE ON THE GREEN LANTERN CORPS!
OF COURSE, I'LL REWARD YOU FOR SAVING ME BUT--BUT--
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
DHORIAN VESSEL CLOSING: RANGE 0.8 AU.
SHALL I TELL YOU WHAT MY PERSONAL "MORALITY METER" SAYS?
IT SAYS THE LANTERNS ARE WAY TOO LENIENT WITH GENOCIDAL MONSTERS LIKE YOU.
ALL WE NEEDED WAS YOUR STAR-BAND, THE THIRD COMPONENT.
WHO DARES...?
SHRIIAAAEEEEEEEEE
AKK-KKT-KT-KT

WELL?
SHROMF
SLURRK
CHORRT
YOU FED HER MY LUNCH?
LAST I ATE WAS A BOWL OF SEEDS FORTY HOURS AGO...
THINK OF IT AS MERCY, TRILLA-TRU.
HAVE YOU SEEN WHAT THEY PUT IN THOSE CANTEEN MEALS?
I'M DOING YOU A FAVOR, SO--
--WHAT DO YOU THINK?
THEY HAVE MAXIM TOX IN AN INDUCED COMA.
WHATEVER ATTACKED HIM TOOK ITS TIME TO--TO INFLICT MAXIMUM DISTRESS.
IF IT'S STILL OUT THERE, WE NEED TO KNOW WHERE, AND WHAT WE'RE DEALING WITH.
SHE WON'T TALK, JORDAN.
ON THE SPIDER-GUILD NESTWORLD, SHARING FOOD IS AN ACT OF BONDING.
BEHOLD.
YOUR ESCORT TO THE NEAREST WEB PORTAL IS ON HER WAY.
THAT GIVES YOU TEN MINUTES TO TALK.
OR IT'S A ONE-WAY TO VENTURA.

...HCCCHSS...
...THE CASINO HEIST WAS A DIVERSION WHILE THE OTHERS SMUGGLED THE CARGO THROUGH SECURITY.
COMPONENT ONE, SAME AS I SAID.
...YOU WON'T TELL MOM ABOUT MY AFFAIR WITH KOMMANDER KRAAK, WILL YOU?
DON'T WORRY. I PLAN TO SCRUB THAT IMAGE FROM MY SHORT-TERM MEMORY AS QUICKLY AS I POSSIBLY CAN.
YOU'RE SAYING IT WAS ALIVE, IT ESCAPED FROM ITS CONTAINER, AND IT KILLED A BUNCH OF YOUR PIRATE PALS.
THIS COMPONENT ONE.
THEN IT CRIPPLED AND MAIMED A GREEN LANTERN OFFICER.
...ALL I KNOW IS CONTROLLER MU AND THE BLACKSTARS PAID OUT HANDSOME TO BRING THAT COMPONENT ONE FROM OUT THE NO-ZONE TO VENTURA.
...BUT WE WAS SOLD OUT BY FOUR-LIMBED LYING WRIGGLERS!
AUCCH--YOU'RE MAKING ME PUKE!
THE DIAL WAS FAKE BUT MAYBE YOU GOT LUCKY, AFTER ALL.
YOUR DAYS WITH THE PIRATES ARE OVER.
I SEE YOU AGAIN IN MY SECTOR, YOU'RE DOING TIME.
JORDAN.
SORRY TO INTERRrrrrUPT BUT--
EVIL STAR TURNED UPmmmm.

PLANET HIPPOCRATES

SECTOR GENERAL: *ORBITAL MEDICAL FACILITY*

--FOUND HIM DRIFTING IN ***OORT-SPACE,*** TWO LIGHT-YEARS OUT FROM THE STAR-SUN ***SOLUS.***

IT'S ***THIS*** WAY.

I KNOW THESE CORRIDORS CAN SEEM ***ENDLESS...***

SOLUS?

THAT'S MY ***HOME STAR.***

I NEED TO ***TALK*** TO HIM REGARDING A PENDING ***ENQUIRY.***

THEN YOU MUST HURRY.

HE'S ***NOT*** WHAT HE WAS.

AS FOR THESE ODD LITTLE CREATURES, I...

HIS ROBOT "STARLINGS."

WHAT HAPPENED?

HE ARRIVED LIKE ***THIS.***

NO ONE'S BEEN ABLE TO GET MUCH OUT OF HIM.

HIS BRAIN HAS DETERIORATED WITH THE REST OF HIS BODY.

THIS-- THIS IS HIS *REAL* AGE--

HIS ***STAR-BAND*** KEPT HIM ***YOUTHFUL.***

CAN YOU LEAVE US ALONE, NURSE OLAQUA?

...D-D-D-DUNN LOOK AT ME THA WAY, LANNERN.
C-C-C-CREEPY BLANK EYES.
T-T-TAKE OFF THE MASK.

WHAT HAPPENED?
WHO DID THIS TO YOU?
--C-C-CLOSE M-M-MY EYES--AURAN CITADELS IN FLAMES--MEN, WOMEN ANN CHILRREN ACCUSING ME--SCREAMING--ALL EYES ON M-M-ME--
DUNN LET ME D-D-DIE LIKE THIS--
S-S-S-SO MANY M-M-MORE WORLDS S-S-STILL TO KILL--
HH-KK-HK-HH

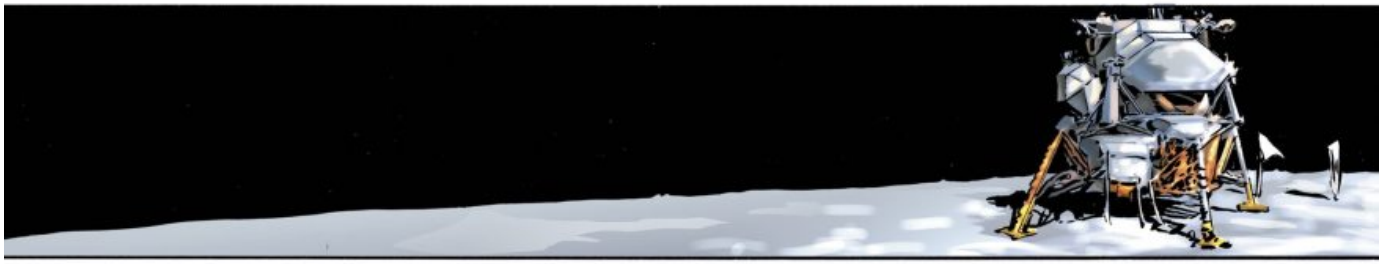
OWWW
S-S-SLAVERS FROM D-D-DHOR CAME--A LIVING SHADOW--CLUTCHING HAND--
--SHE D-D-DRAINED THE S-S-STARS--STARS FROM MY VEINS--
AND HERE ON YOUR NECK...
PUNCTURES.

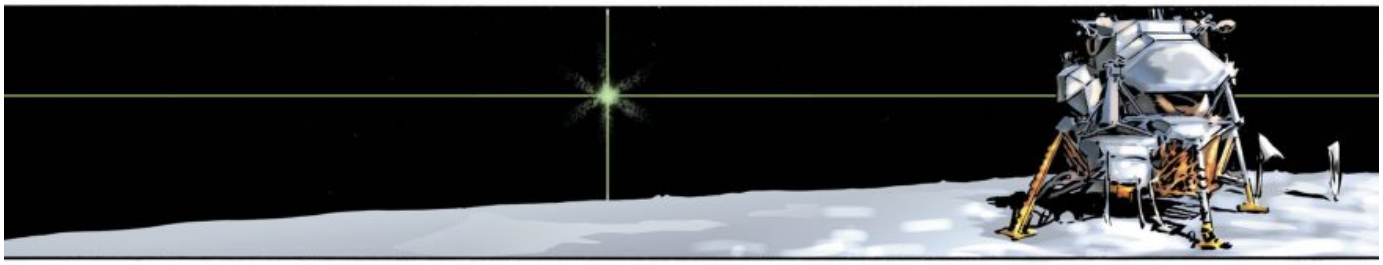
...NURSE, I'D CALL A DOCTOR IF I WERE YOU.
BUT TELL THEM THIS MAN KILLED 2.5 BILLION PEOPLE.
TELL THEM THERE'S NO NEED TO HURRY.

...LET US PROCEED AT A PACE.
YOU ASK FOR A DEMONSTRATION.
WE HAVE SUCCESSFULLY RETRO-ENGINEERED AND IMPROVED UPON THE AURAN STAR-BAND APPARATUS.
MASS-PRODUCTION IS UNDER WAY.
POWER EQUAL TO, EVEN SURPASSING, THE RING-WEAPONS OF THE GREEN LANTERN CORPS IS OURS.
ALLY THIS WITH THE SPECIAL CAPABILITIES OF OUR ENHANCED EXOMANTLE BATTLE ARMOR-- SUPER-STRENGTH, SPEED, FORCE FIELD AND FLIGHT OPTIONS.
THOUGHT-CONTROLLED MASER BLASTERS.
IT ALL ADDS UP TO AN UNBEATABLE WARRIOR, BODYGUARD, PROTECTOR AND DEFENDER.
YOURS, AT A REASONABLE PRICE...

...AN ELITE BAND OF PRIVATE SOLDIERS.
THEIR COMMANDER HERE, THE FIRST-BORN OF A FEARED AND NOBLE CELESTIAL LINEAGE.
WITH THE BLACKSTARS IN YOUR SERVICE, YOU ARE SAFE TO GO ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS.
MY QUESTION IS WHY, CONTROLLER MU.
YOU KNOW WHAT WE DHORIANS ARE.
AND IN WHAT CURRENCY WE TRADE.
YOU UNDERSTAND THE SPECIAL HAZARDS OF THIS MISSION TO A HEAVILY GUARDED SYSTEM.
YOU ARE A MEANS TO AN END, VOLGAR ZO.
WHAT'S YOUR ANGLE?
AS PART OF OUR AGREEMENT, YOU WILL PROVIDE THE RESOURCE WE REQUIRE.
WE, BORN OF MALTUS, ARE NOTHING IF NOT PRAGMATIC.
REST ASSURED, YOU TOO WILL BE JUDGED IN YOUR TURN, WHEN WE ARE READY.
APPROACHING TARGET PLANET, HIVE-BOSS ZO.
WE REMAIN UNDETECTED.
FULL POWER TO GRAVITY REFRACTORS AND DWARF-STAR LENS ARRAYS.
COMMENCE PLANETARY ABDUCTION PROCESS.
...EXCELLENT.

...I'M THINKING, WHY DUMP EVIL STAR SO CLOSE TO EARTH?
MIGHT AS WELL DELIVER HIM STRAIGHT TO MY DOOR.
...SLAVERS FROM DHOR, LIVING SHADOWS.
TAKE ME BACK TO 2814 SECTOR HQ.
COMMENCING INTERSPACE ACCELERATION.
DESTINATION: PLANET EARTH.
SPACE-FOLD.





WHAT THE *HELL?*
CONFIRM COORDINATES!
COORDINATES CONFIRMED.

LOCATION-- SECTOR HQ.

PLANET EARTH.

MY GOD.

THIS IS LANTERN 2814.1 TO OA.

CALLING IN GRAND THEFT PLANET.

EARTH-- MY HOME PLANET EARTH--

EARTH IS GONE.

next: SLAVE LORDS of the STARS

THRILLING *ALL-NEW* AN NUALS!

The League has to fix the Source Wall or the Multiverse will collapse!

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WRITTEN BY JOSHUA WILLIAMSON
ART BY SCOTT KOLINS

JANUARY

HARD TIME

ARKHAM ASYLUM VS. THE PHANTOM ZONE:

Comparing DC's top two iconic super-prisons

Sure, being a super-villain sounds great. But if you get busted in the DC Universe, you could end up in Arkham Asylum–much like Slade Wilson, who is none too thrilled about the institution's amenities in DEATHSTROKE: ARKHAM. But how does Arkham compare to the DCU's other main repository of super-villainy, the Phantom Zone?

LOCATION! LOCATION! LOCATION!

So which super-prison has the preferable real estate? The Phantom Zone is a timeless limbo reality wedged between dimensions. Arkham Asylum is located in Gotham City–a town known for mass riots, interactive riddles and secret rooftop meetings between the cops and an emo Bat-clique.
WINNER: ARKHAM ASYLUM *(Gotham is a party!)*

NAME GAME

No denying "Arkham Asylum" evokes a creepy-cool, evil atmosphere, but "Phantom Zone" rhymes with calzone, which are delicious.
WINNER: PHANTOM ZONE *(We're writing this before lunch.)*

THE BOSS MAN

Who runs the joint? With Arkham Asylum, you've got Jeremiah Arkham, the head doc with a hobby of torturing inmates. Superman runs the Phantom Zone, and the superhero is so nice he gave his dog a cape.
WINNER: PHANTOM ZONE

MEET THE NEIGHBORS

Which facility offers more interesting cellmates? Countless alien life-forms pulled from across time and space populate the Phantom Zone. Arkham houses a talking crocodile and a clown with impeccable fashion sense.
WINNER: Kind of a toss-up, but we're going with **ARKHAM.** They've got The Joker. Even when he's gassing you with fish, who doesn't love The Joker?

DOLLAR MENU

The Phantom Zone is a realm of eternal ghosts wracked with hunger yet lacking the substance to eat. Arkham Asylum is a hospital, so, you know...hospital food.
WINNER: THE PHANTOM ZONE

THE FINAL SCORE

THE PHANTOM ZONE, 3-2. Buuuut this was a "which is worst" contest, so maybe Arkham is the real winner here? It's the best worst...? Whatever. Make your own choice!

PEEK INSIDE ARKHAM ASYLUM IN DEATHSTROKE #38 ON SALE NOW!

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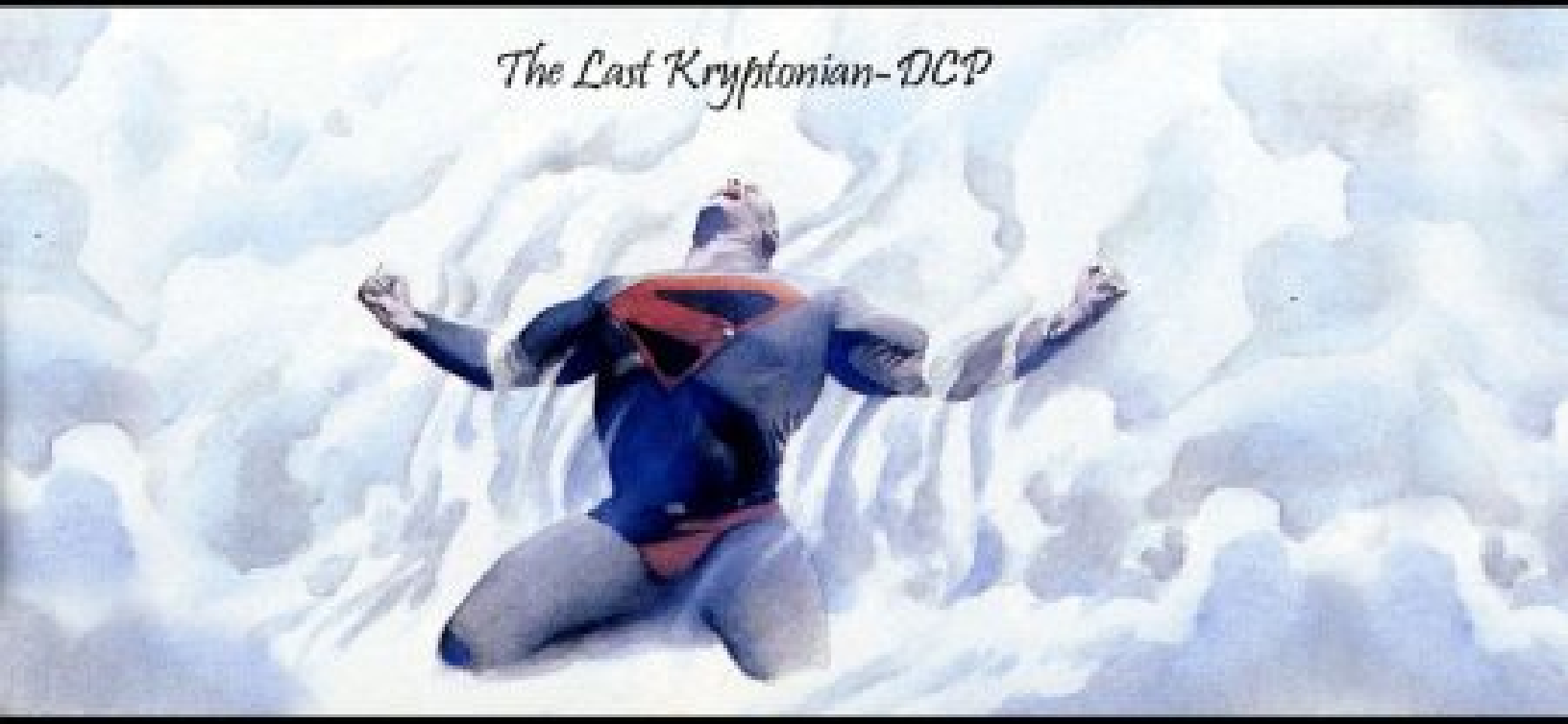
The Last Kryptonian-DCP